



On a Poet's Ninety-First Birthday

(To Jonathan Hoag, Esq., February 10, 1922)

Blessings on thy natal day,
Lighter of the lengthened way!
Gorgeous by thy brother sun,
As thou turnest ninety-one!

Kindled in a happier time,
Burneth still thy torch sublime,
Destin'd for our joy to save
All that former ages gave.

Pure as crystal is the light;
Restful to the weary sight;
Would that all the world might shine,
Scriba, with such rays as thine;

Long hath been thy fulgent course,
Leading beauty from the source;
Grateful bow'rs their praise declare,
Sweeter for thy passing there.

And as now the years increase,
May thy beaming never cease;
Let the gold of evening glow
Like the morn of long ago!

Happy he whose eye may scan
Such a full, benignant span;
Years of song thou strew'st behind,
Like gay blossoms in the wind.

Youth and grace attend thy tread,
Fresh bays deck thy silver'd head;
Nor can springtime's note depart

From the tune within thy heart.

So as stars of evening hold
All the deep'ning sunset's gold;
Thou thy path mayst e'er prolong,
Vital in thy shining song!

H. P. Lovecraft.

About this digital edition

This e-book comes from the online library [Wikisource](#). This multilingual digital library, built by volunteers, is committed to developing a free accessible collection of publications of every kind: novels, poems, magazines, letters...

We distribute our books for free, starting from works not copyrighted or published under a free license. You are free to use our e-books for any purpose (including commercial exploitation), under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 Unported](#) license or, at your choice, those of the [GNU FDL](#).

Wikisource is constantly looking for new members. During the transcription and proofreading of this book, it's possible that we made some errors. You can report them at [this page](#).

The following users contributed to this book:

- Nonexyst